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BLANKS
Of every kind, printed on fine paper, and for sale at \$1 00 per quire, cash.

State of Tennessee, Franklin Co.
Wm. R. Lewis and Mary E. Spencer

James, Joel, John, Simond and Louiza Lewis, A. S. Colyar and Hugh Francis.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Clerk of the State of Tennessee, that the defendants, James, Joel, John, Simond and Louiza Lewis are non-residents of the State of Tennessee so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on them, it is ordered that publication be made for three successive weeks in the Home Journal, a newspaper published in the town of Winchester, Tennessee, requiring said non-resident defendants to appear before the Judge of our next Court on Wednesday after the third Monday in August next, and plead, answer or demur to said bill or the same will be taken for confessed and set for hearing exparte as to them.

HU. FRANCIS, C. & M.
May 8 3w prs fee \$3

WINCHESTER AND ALABAMA RAILROAD.

The Board of Directors of said R. R. Company have resolved to put said Road under Contract the 11th of July, 1857, the lettings to be at Salem, Tennessee, on that day, and to enable them to prosecute the work, as they are determined to do, have this day made a call of \$2.00 per share for four months, payable the 1st of June, July, August and September respectively, upon the Stockholders of said Company. The Stockholders will make payment accordingly. Those in Lincoln County will pay to J. R. Bright, Esq., and those in Franklin County to Thos. F. Cosley, Esq.

V. K. STEVENSON, President.
F. T. ESTILL, Secretary.
May 7th

State of Tennessee, Franklin Co.
Elizabeth Jones

vs.

Henry H. Jones.

It appearing to the Clerk & Master that the defendant, Henry H. Jones, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him, it is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Home Journal, a newspaper published in the town of Winchester, Tennessee, for three successive weeks, requiring said defendant to appear before the Hon. the Chancellor of our Chancery Court, on the first Wednesday after the third Monday of August next, and plead, answer or demur to said Bill, or the same will be taken for confessed and set for hearing exparte as to him.

HU. FRANCIS, C. & M.
May 8 3w prs fee \$3

SADDLE LOST.—Sometime in October last a man's saddle was lost from the back of a stray horse, near my house. Said saddle is now in my possession and the owner can have it by calling and paying for this advertisement.

THORNTON CARTER.
Winchester, May 8th.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having administered the estate of John G. Biddle, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make payment immediately, as no further notice will be given.

Those having claims against the estate will present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law.

May 8 3m J. FRIZZELL, Admr.

State of Tennessee, Franklin Co.
Edward Martin

vs.

Curry McGrew, Jeremiah Cleveland, M. W. Garner, F. T. Estill, Daniel Champ-

ion, and Jas. G. Caperton, adm'r, &c.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Clerk and Master that the defendant, Jas. G. Caperton, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon him: It is, therefore, ordered that publication be made in the "Home Journal"—a newspaper published in Winchester, Tenn.—for three successive weeks, requiring said non-resident to make his personal appearance herein on or before Wednesday after the third Monday in August next, and plead, answer or demur to complainant's bill, or the same will be taken for confessed and set for hearing exparte as to him.

HU. FRANCIS, C. & M.
May 8. prs fee \$3 3w

State of Tennessee, Franklin Co.
Circuit Court, Clerk's Office, April 27, 1857.

In the cause pending in said Court of Geo. W. Long, Ex'r of John Long, dec'd, petition to sell slaves, for the purpose of distribution among those entitled thereto, the following heirs of John Long, deceased, viz: Daniel Gibson and wife Vickie, Jesse F. Allen and wife Catharine, Levi Isbell and wife Margaret, the children of Andrew J. Long and John Long—who are non-residents—are hereby notified, by publication in the Home Journal, a newspaper published in Winchester, Tennessee—for four successive weeks, that the Clerk of said Court will proceed on Monday the 15th day of June, 1857, to take and state an account between the heirs of said estate, as to advancements, &c.; and in the absence of any of the parties the Clerk will proceed to take the account and report thereon exparte as to them. Witnesses, Nathan Frizzell, clerk of said Court at office.

N. FRIZZELL, Ck.
May 1, 1857. 4w prs fee \$3

DR. T. C. MURRELL.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of Franklin County that he has permanently settled in Winchester, where he hopes to receive a share in the practice of his profession in its various branches.

Residence on High Street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Clifton; Office on Main st., nearly opposite the Mountain House.

Mar 20

FOR SALE—A Bed Stead and Mattress Apply at this office

THE HOME JOURNAL.

WILLIAM J. SLATTER, } PUBLISHED WEEKLY. { PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1. WINCHESTER, TENN., MAY 15, 1857. NUMBER 18.

The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER.

"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,
We follow truth where'er she leads the way."

WINCHESTER:

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 1857.

A locomotive between St. Louis and Springfield, a day or two ago, got attached to the wire of the telegraph line which a storm of wind had thrown down, and away it went on its course, tearing down the poles for a distance of two miles, and keeping up a most tremendous crash and clatter, as one after another came tumbling down and were added to the queer retinue of the train. The locomotive arrived in town in good time, and the engineer then first discovered that he had the lightning line behind him.

What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots, and fourteen three-story houses!

The following advertisement appeared in a New York paper:

\$100,000.—I being old, will give my son, a fine young man, aged twenty-four, \$100,000, provided some respectable man will give his daughter, a sensible lady, to him in wedlock with \$25,000. Mutual affection of course. This is a sincere proposal. His property can be made worth \$700,000.—Address Junius, Herald office, for explanation. Good reason.

The late springs produce the greatest plenty.—*Ex.*

If that be true, what a plentiful season we'll have this year!

The Milton Chronicle (N. C.) observes.—Speaking of "Yankee Doodle," reminds us that we would like to see the man who could vote for disunion with a clean face, under the sound of this tune, when well played by a brass band.—We second that. Nor do we believe such can be found in the length and breadth of this land—that is, in a same state of mind!

When men are together, they listen to one another, but women and girls look at one another.—*Ex.*

And when men and women are together, they both look at and listen to one another.

The Paris Moniteur Florget gives the details of the arrest and interrogatories of the Chinese baker who was executed for poisoning bread at Hong Kong. He stated that he acted agreeably to the orders of the Viceroy, brought him by a satellite of the mandarins. The orders informed Allum, the baker, that the English having declared war, it was his duty to assist in their destruction; that the soldiers used fire and sword to fight them, and he was to use poison. If he disobeyed these orders, his family at Canton would be thrown into prison and his property confiscated. He made two kinds of bread, one poisoned for the English, which was unintentionally given to other foreigners, and another kind only for the Chinese.

Why is it?—More property is destroyed by fire every year in the United States than in all the rest of the world.

The London Times acknowledges that there is a better hotel in Chicago, Ill., than in London.

THE OPERATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES.—The condition of the employes of this country is so different from that of those in Europe, in many respects, that they appear a different class in reputation and dignity.—Among the best organized are those professing the "Art of Arts"—the Printers. The organization of the Typographical Society stands pre-eminent among its fellow trades.—Though now in its infancy—some five or six years old—it is firmly established as a national body, and holds regularly its annual conventions, at which the most friendly relations are exchanged between the delegates from every State, and harmonious action on every subject is the consequence.

We should be glad to see the operatives, generally, hold this independent and dignified position as trades throughout the Union. Union is strength, and unless the working classes unite to protect themselves in every legitimate and laudable endeavor for the benefit and elevation of their respective callings, they cannot expect to realize that independence which is their inalienable birthright.

PROGRESS OF RELIGION.—The "Presbyterian Critic" has an article from the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, in which it is stated that "after a careful comparison and summing up of the religious statistics of the various denominations, the Evangelical bodies of the United States now number thirty thousand ministers, four millions of church members, sixteen million and a half connected by education and sympathy with them, seventy millions annually raised for the support of ordinands at home, four millions for the spread of the church abroad, and twelve millions of sittings in their houses of worship. In this estimate no account is taken of the many millions of dollars invested in schools, colleges and seminaries, under the control of Evangelical denominations. Thus it appears that, out of a population estimated at twenty-six and a half millions, nearly two-thirds of the whole are members in full communion or under the direct influence of Evangelical churches.

THE PRINTER.—The Belfast Mercury gives the following in relation to printers:

From high to low, they are the same careless, lighthearted, clever, well-informed, reckless fellows, knowing how to act better than they do—nothing at times—everything if the fit takes them. No sooner are they comfortable in one town than they make tracks for another, even though they travel on "hair space" means. And to what will they not turn their hands? We have seen, says an American editor, one and the same individual of the craft a minister in California, a lawyer in Missouri, a sheriff in Ohio, a boatman on a Western Canal, sailing a privateer, an auctioneer in New York, and a pressman in a large printing office. Nor are they characters confined to any one country—they are everywhere the same. We have met them as lecturers, actors, traveling preachers, ventriloquists—in fact everything. We have met on tramp in this country members of this roving profession from all parts of the globe.—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese; Germans and Swedes—and all apparently as much at home as in their own country. Ardent lovers of liberty, king-craft and priest find but little in their eyes. They are always with the people. When the Chartist excitement was raging in England, the most eloquent leaders in the movement were printers. When barricades were raised in Paris in '48, the compositors cast their type into bullets and fired them at the royalist troops.—When the Americans were at war with Mexico, Gen. Taylor had a regiment composed almost entirely of printers, and they were the bravest of his troops. James Buchanan, the newly elected President, and a large number of the leading men of the Union, are printers.

Dr. L. F. W. Andrews, editor of the Georgia Citizen, has been sued for libel to the tune of 20,000 for publishing the name of a subscriber who had moved off without paying his subscription dues.

The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

AN INFERENCE.—An editor speaking of a steamboat says:

She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin. "Oh life of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, upon reading this, "what a squalling there must have been!"

COL. FORNEY.—It is stated that Col. Forney has purchased one-fourth of the Pennsylvania, published in Philadelphia, and will assume the editorial control of its columns on or about the first of May.

ANAGRAMS.

An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence in letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to words or things named in such original words or sentences. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly surprising, and afford a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:

Radical reform Rare mad frolic.
Astronomers Moon stars.
Encyclopedia A nice cold pie.
Gallantries All great sins.
Lawyer Sly ware.
Misanthrope Spare him not.
Monarch March on.
Old England Golden land.
Presbyterian Best in prayers.
Punishment Nine thumps.
Revolution To love ruin.
Telegraphs Great helps.
Penitentiary Nay I repent.

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

[If there are any who would deny the poetry of the following "bit," there can be no one to discredit its truth. As it is not old, we insert it for the benefit of those who have not seen it.]

As with cautious steps, we travel our way thro'

This intricate world, as other folks do,
May we all on our journey be able to view,
The benevolent face of a dollar or two.

For an excellent thing
Is a dollar or two;
Through country and town,
As we march up and down,
No passport so good as a dollar or two.
Would you wish your existence with faith
To imbue,
And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified
few,
To enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.

The gospel is preached
For a dollar or two.
Salvation is reached
For a dollar or two.
You may sin sometimes,
But the worst of all crimes,
It is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figure and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom,
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer,
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear,
Would set a whole iceberg on fire!
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and the caress,
She is saving all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother,
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—There lies in the depths of every heart that dream of our youth, and the chastened wish of manhood, which neither cares nor honors can ever extinguish, the hope of one day resting from the pursuit which absorb us; of interposing between our old age and the tomb some tranquil interval of reflection, when with feelings not subdued but softened, with passion not exhausted but mellowed, we may look calmly on the past without regret, and on the future without apprehension. But in the tumult of the world, this vision forever recedes as we approach it; the passions which have agitated our life disturb our latest hours; and we go down

to the tomb, like the sun in the ocean, with no gentle and gradual withdrawing of the light of life back to the source which gave it, but sudden in its beamless descent, with all its fiery glow, long after it has lost its power and its splendor.

THE POWER OF A COMMA.—In the priory of Ramessa, there dwelt a prior who was very liberal, and who caused these lines to be written over his door:—

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor."
But after his death another succeeded him, whose name was Raynard, as greedy and covetous as the other was bountiful and liberal, who kept the same lines there still changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run after this manner:—

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none, be shut, to honest or to poor."
—Afterwards, being driven from thence for his extreme niggardliness, it grew into a proverb, that for one point Raynard lost his priory.

THE TRUE WOMAN

The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery: whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair, and well fitting gowns, and eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual and industrious, who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds, and rarely argues; but who adjusts with a smile; a woman who is the wife we have all dreamed of in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past; such a woman as this does more for human nature and more for woman's cause than all the captains, barristers, judges and members of the parliament put together.—God given, God blessed as she is.—[Dickens.]

A deaf person, by watching the motion of a speaker's lips, can understand what one is saying.

We heard of a Quaker woman who was deaf, who used to go regularly to meeting, and, without hearing a single word, could repeat what was said. One day she came home without being able to give any account of the discourse. Her vision was injured; and, when asked in relation to the exercise, she replied:—

"I can't tell anything about it,—I went to meeting and forgot my spectacles."

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS.—Major Noah said that "a hazel eye inspires at first a platonic sentiment, which gradually but surely expands into love as securely founded as the rock of Gibraltar!"

A woman with a hazel eye never slopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual, agreeable and lovely creature.

WAR.—There is nothing but war.—There is war between all that is good and bad—between right and wrong—between poverty and riches—between truth and error—between virtue and vice—between love and hatred—between health and sickness—between hope and despair—between life and death—between beast and beast—between man and man—between town and town—between city and city—between country and country—between State and State—between East and West—between North and South—between nation and nation—between Heaven and Hell.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of ten lines or less will be inserted at One Dollar for the first and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Very liberal reductions made for those who advertise by the year, half year, or quarter.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

BLANKS OF EVERY KIND. PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS, FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS, BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS, &c.

BASHFUL MEN.

BY MRS. DENNISON.

We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor.—Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out preceptions as delicate as the faintest tint is to the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful, although they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attention, because he can fold a shawl gracefully and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthless man who feels for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies is their defender when the loose tongue of slander would defame her; it is not he who boasts of conquest, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will blush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine? The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sits flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black; he is never a nonplus, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word he would professedly lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes, all under the mask of a gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ear; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers even at your approach, consider them so many signs of exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it with him your life will be happier with poverty than with many another surrounded by splendor of palaces.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF LOVE.—Midnight veiled the heavens with infinite blackness as Hans Von Rosebaum stepped from the orgied halls of the Kinkel Lager Haus Zum Saus and Brus. The foam of the beer still dashed his wild beard, and the murmur of the eastern breeze mingled in his soul with the memories of "anoder pretze" and "pring in de larger" and the thrilling of harps and pianos—for it had been concert night.

"Katarina!" he cried from the bottom of his heart and voice—"Katarina!—kom heraus!"

The breeze sighed in the leaves—the waves rippled—all was still.

Once more in agony arose the cry—"Katarina! know heraus!"

Deep from the recesses of the second-story window murmured an answer:—

"Nix komheraus!"

"Vot, you vont kom heraus!" roared Hans in all the grief of rejected love. "Den you goes mit tertzeufel mit you and be dondered!" Gorthimekruzh-werenoth!"

A rapid mind continually struggles, the feeble one limps, but a great mind selects the surest points, and upon these it stands.

Some crusty, rusty, fusty, musty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon bachelor of a man, gave the following toast at a celebration—"Our fire engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready never wanted."